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ABOUT COMMON COLDS AND THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC.

BY A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

THERE hangs around what are popularly called 'Colds,' and the catching of these colds, so deep a mystery that one is more than half-inclined to saddle that broad-backed nightmare the 'bacterium' with their origin and cause. The question, When, where, or how does a person catch cold? is one which it is somewhat difficult to answer definitely. The question puzzles laymen, and on it doctors themselves differ. The supposed causes of colds are of course too numerous to mention here, though we may instance one or two. A sudden chill, it is said, drives the blood from the surface of the body towards the interior, to be spread out on the mucous surface of the bronchial or lung tubes, causing erythema (redness) and a consequent discharge, which is increased by a very bad fit of coughing. Hence, a cold in the chest, and a cold in the head, in the nose, eyes, &c., is explained by the same physiological reasoning. But how seldom do we remember anything about this particular chill, or when we began to sneeze or cough. A sceptic might turn to the doctor and say: 'I take a cold bath every morning all the winter through, and surely that is a sudden chill, yet I never catch cold.'

It would really seem that a slow chill—as when one leaves a warm room to sit or stand inactive for some time in a cold one—is far more dangerous than any sudden chill, for it acts as a depressant on the nervous system. But supposing that out of a dozen people so exposed three were ill after it, only one perhaps of the three would be attacked by 'cold'; the others might have a kidney or bilious attack; for in cases of slow chill it is always the weakest organ of the body that is sought out and affected.

Sitting in a draught when hot. There is something of the bugbear about this assigned reason for cold-catching. A man has run half a mile to

catch a train, for instance; but it does not follow that he is sure to catch cold if he sits at the open window for a time. In fact, the cooling down will do good, so long as it is not carried to excess. A man has been spurning at boating; he is in a bath of perspiration, and hurries on thick jacket and wraps as soon as he gets on shore. Here the bugbear again appears; it would be better far to enjoy the tonic bracing cool air a *short* time, before hurrying on the nerve-depressing heavy clothing.

If we believe, then, that it is the slow chill rather than the much-dreaded quick chill that is apt to induce colds, we have a finger-post pointing to many dangers we must avoid if we are to keep free of them.

We mentioned the cold bath. This is a sudden chill at first, and a glorious tonic for mind and body; but stay not in the water a moment longer than necessary, or the consequences may be disagreeable, to say the least. On the other hand, if the bath, even on a bitter wintry morning, has been brief, the thorough rough-towelling, if done, remember, by one's own hands, not only restores surface circulation, but combines the good effects of dumb-bell exercise and massage. Is the back a little weak or inclined to lumbago?—rub the loins extra hard. Is the chest liable to be attacked by trifling colds or hoarseness?—rub the front and along the neck and between the shoulders till red.

A damp bed will produce the slow chill in the strongest constitution. So will a damp room. It matters but little how cold the bedchamber is, if we are tolerably young and fairly healthy, so long as it is not actually damp, and so long as the bed is comfortable, and that portion of the back between the shoulder-blades kept protected.

The slow chill is produced also from damp or wet clothing or feet; not while we keep moving, but after we sit down or stand about, especially if the stomach be empty. Colds are ten times more easily caught if one be fasting.

On the other hand, those who sleep in too warm beds or in overheated rooms, and who wear

heavy clothing to walk in, or those dangerous abominations called waterproofs and goloshes, weaken the nervous system, make hothouse plants of themselves, and open the door not only to colds but a variety of other complaints.

The best way to cure a cold is to prevent it. But when one has got it, wise is he if he tries to banish it right away at once. Bed, for rest, may well be enjoined; and an aconite mixture taken every two or three hours, with but little food—though soda water may be drunk—will usually frighten off the disagreeable visitant in a single night. When there is shivering or a feeling as if cold water were coursing down the spine, three drops of the essence of camphor every half-hour till relief is experienced often act like magic.

Then there is the old-fashioned but good treatment by the liquor of the acetate of ammonia. This may often be adopted with success. But we have our doubts of the efficacy of the hot-drink, extra blanket, and mustard-and-water-to-the-feet method of cure, especially in cases where the sufferer has to go to office next day.

After acute symptoms have been banished, probably by the aconite mixture, and a chronic bronchitic cough remains, there is nothing better than inhalations of medicated steam or spray. The efficacy of such treatment lies in the fact that the drug so applied goes directly to the seat of the trouble itself. An ordinary water-jug or decanter, or, better still perhaps, an earthenware teapot, may be used. The water should be about one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit. Fifteen drops of the tincture of iodine or the same of laudanum added to a pint of water makes a good inhalation. The steam is simply breathed about five times to a minute, the inspirations and expirations being deep and long. The remedy may be used three times a day. The compound tincture of benzoin, usually called Friar's Balsam, is used in the same way; a dessert-spoonful to a pint will be enough. In all druggists' shops, proper inhalers are sold, and these are best.

We rather deprecate self-doctoring as a rule; but the simple remedies we are now mentioning may save much suffering, or life itself, when medical men are not at hand. There are two instruments, then, that no family living away in the country, and no sailor, captain, or yachtsman, should ever be without. The first is the clinical thermometer. It is so easily used; and a rise in temperature to one hundred degrees, or a degree or two over, means danger. Great pain in the side, for example, with a normal temperature, may be caused by neuralgia or pleurodynia; but with a great rise of temperature it means inflammation, and we are to treat for this. The other instrument alluded to is Dr Siegle's spray-dispersing apparatus. The spray is slowly inhaled, the face being some eighteen inches from the nozzle. Breathing, for instance, a warm medicated spray of ipecacuanha wine, one part to three of water, may at first cause a little irritation and coughing; but if this remedy is not 'rushed,' and if used, say, twice a day, relief will nearly always result. It is well to keep to the house for an hour after each inhalation.

We purposely dwell longer on the subject of inhalations than we should otherwise have done,

because they are useful in the treatment not only of common colds but of the New Epidemic that may now be said to have gained a footing on our shores, and which was at first called the Russian Influenza. What we have now to say concerning it we shall put in the form of replies to questions that we daily hear from every one's mouth.

What is it, at all? On this question doctors are inclined to disagree somewhat. We ourselves hold neither with those who designate the ailment 'a simple influenza rather more rife than usual;' nor with those who consider it a modified species of the West Indian Dengue fever. This last has at various times prevailed in South America, and even in the East Indies, and is not entirely unknown in our own country.

Dengue—called also Breakbone Fever, Dandy Fever, and Rheumatic Scarlatina—begins rather suddenly, as a rule, with nausea and chilliness, pains in the limbs, and headache. There may be swelling of the glands of the throat and other glands, and also of the joints—the knees, toes, and fingers being most commonly affected. Pain in one eyeball or in both may accompany the headache; there are also severe cramps of various groups of muscles; aching of the body; the skin, though generally hot and dry at first, may afterwards be bathed in profuse, sometimes cold, perspiration: the pulse is rapid, feeble, and even intermittent, and the tongue very foul. Prostration ensues about the third day; exacerbation of the pains and an efflorescent rash about the fifth; and about the eighth, improvement takes place, and gradual recovery goes on, though the patient is terribly weak.

Influenza—so called because in Italy a person suffering from it was supposed to be under some evil influence caused by the stars—has broken out in an epidemic form half-a-dozen times at least in this country during the present century; and in this Russian Epidemic or French 'La Grippe' we behold its return.

What is it caused by? This question is difficult to answer. For our own part, we are inclined to the bacterian theory, the extraordinarily rapid spread of the disease being favoured by exceptionally damp and mild weather; and just as on a day even in winter we sometimes see the air filled with dancing midges, so may the bacteria of influenza spring into life and activity in numbers that there is no name for, and be disseminated speedily over continents, and carried by ships to distant lands.

Probably, in Russia these bacteria exist always; the insanitary arrangements, the overcrowding and under-feeding prevalent in towns there, might at any time cause the ailment to leap at one bound from the mere sporadic to the epidemic form.

There is no actual proof, we think, that certain soils or geological formations favour the outbreak of epidemic influenza, or that either ozone or electricity has much to do with it. It is strange, too, that the disease spreads as rapidly against the wind as with it. It has been noted, also, that thick and strangely-smelling fogs have often prevailed during its commencement.

Is it infectious or contagious? We are inclined to believe that its terribly rapid spread throughout the length and breadth of large cities is due rather to the prevalence of the same influences,

whatever they may be, than to contagion or infection. We cannot really isolate influenza in a house, as we may scarlatina and smallpox. Its appearance, however, at different places—distant from each other in the same country and at the same time—may be due to the fact that ships may have carried the infectious influenza thither.

When thinking about this remarkable Epidemic, people must remember that there always is in this country in spring, autumn, and winter, a so-called influenza cold; and we must not therefore put all such cases down to the account of the Russian visitant. Their symptoms are more mild, not so sudden, and free from the complications of the graver complaint.

Is this New Epidemic dangerous to life? To some extent; yet the mortality is very low, being put down at about two per cent, or even less. It should be borne in mind, however, that not only to the young and to old people is the disease a serious one, but to those whose health is below par, and especially so to persons suffering from the general debility and want of tone caused by the abuse of alcoholic stimulants.

What are the symptoms of the complaint? These will not be difficult to diagnose, should the disease become firmly rooted for a time in our midst. To be sure, nervous people will give themselves many a needless alarm, and suffer from an imaginary attack perhaps three or four times in a week. Probably one of the most characteristic symptoms of influenza is the suddenness of the attack, and general feeling of prostration of mind and body from the very outset. The spirits, indeed, are grievously depressed. At the same time symptoms of an aggravated cold set in, with tenderness and running at the eyes; running of acrid water from the nose, heat or actual pain in throat, sneezing, headache, hoarseness, cough, tightness of chest, and oppression of the breath. There will be also at first a hot dry skin, that after a time becomes clammy and moist, foul tongue, nausea or vomiting, with loss of taste and appetite, and a general feeling of what is called soreness all over.

There may be in bad cases complications of a grave nature, such as bronchitis, or even inflammation of the pulmonary tissues, or rheumatism in those inclined to this disease. Although the percentage of deaths is so very low, still, owing to the complications, &c., the ailment must, on the whole, be looked upon as a grave one.

And now as to the treatment? A medical man had best be consulted at the outset; yet, for many reasons, it is well that the public should know how to guide a case to a successful termination, as well as how the complaint may be probably steered clear of. In Berlin, antipyrin or quinine has been given with marked advantage at the outset. This antipyrin, however, should hardly be placed in the hands of the amateur physician. It is to be bought in one-dose tablets in the shops. One, or at most two doses are all that it is safe to give or take without skilled advice. For three days, at all events, the patient had better be in bed; on the fourth, the sofa will suit; but he should be in a well-ventilated room, and chills must be avoided for fear of inflammatory complications. If solid food

cannot be taken, milk and soda water, milk alone, beef-tea not too hot, with toast, and a little sherry wine whey will do good. It is so important that the strength be kept up, sometimes port wine, or even brandy, will be necessary. As soon as the fever is abated, food must be taken, and nourishing broths with alcoholic stimulants. Inhalations of steam may be used several times a day, medicated by the addition of a few drops of chloroform, for the cough is at times most distressing.

It will be well that an aperient or antibilious pill should be taken at night on the commencement, and this may be followed in the morning by a draught of Pullna water, to secure good action of the bowels. The calomel pill does good service, or gray powder for children. The salicylate of sodium is sometimes administered with marked advantage. Sinapisms to the chest, and even a hot-air bath, would do good. The after-treatment of this complaint differs in no way from that of convalescence from any acute disorders. Medicinally: tonics, notably bark infusions with phosphoric acid, nourishing food, and a run to the seaside, or brief residence in mountain air.

The spraying of sulphurous acid near the nostrils and about the room has in several instances cut short an attack. It should be slightly diluted and a little eau-de-Cologne added. If we believe in the Germ theory as applicable to this Epidemic Influenza—and the writer does—this sulphurous-acid-spray treatment is one that has reason on its side, and is certainly worth trying.

In conclusion, we warn our readers to keep their health up to par, and not to neglect hygienic laws and rules.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER IV.—LOUISE TEMPLE.

THERE was one lady who held my eye from the start. She was Miss Louise Temple, and I cannot express how deep was the admiration her charms excited in me. I told you that I had caught a glimpse of her at Gravesend; but, down to this moment, I had been unable to obtain a fair view of her. Her hair, that, to judge by the coils of it, when let down, would have reached to below her knees, was of a wonderful blackness without either gloss or deadness. She wore it in a manner that was perfectly new in those days: in twinings which heaped it up to the aspect of a crown; whilst behind, it was brushed up in a way to exhibit the lovely form of the head from the curve of the neck to where the beautiful tresses lay piled. Her face was perfectly colourless, the complexion clear, and the skin exquisitely delicate. Her mouth was small, the upper lip slightly curved, and there was the hint of a pout in the faint scarce perceptible protrusion of the under lip. Her nose was perfectly straight, like a Greek woman's; but it had the English indent under the brow, and therefore had the beauty which to my fancy no Greek profile ever yet possessed.

But her eyes! How am I to describe them?

What impression can I hope to convey by such terms as large, black, soft, and fluid? The lids were delicately veined, the eyelashes long, and between these fringes the eyes shone of a dark liquid loveliness, full of the light, as it seemed to me, of a high intelligence, with spirit and haughtiness in every glance. They were the most dramatic, by which I do not mean theatric, pair of twinklers that ever sparkled star-like under the beauty of a woman's brow; created, you might have thought, for the interpretation of the Shakespearean imaginations, with all capacity in them of surprise, scorn, resentment, melting tenderness, and of every fine and noble passion. She was attired in a dress of black cloth, simple as a riding-habit of to-day, and so fitting her figure as to express without exaggeration every point of grace in the curves and fullness of her tall but still maidenly form.

I caught her glance for a moment; I am sure she remembered me as the passenger she had addressed on the poop; yet there was not the faintest expression of recognition in the full, firm, swift stare she honoured me with. She looked away from me as haughtily as a queen, with flashing inspection of the others of the row of us that confronted her, though it seemed to me that her gaze lingered a little on the Honourable Mr Colledge, who was seated immediately opposite.

'I reckon now,' whispered Mr Prance, leaning to me in his chair from his athwartship post at the foot of the table, 'that yonder Miss Temple will be about the handsomest woman that was ever afloat.'

'There have been many thousands of women afloat,' said I, 'since Noah got under way with the ladies of his family aboard.'

'I have been sailing in passenger-ships,' said he, 'for nineteen years come next month, and have never before seen such a figurehead as Miss Temple's. What teeth she has! Little teeth, sir, as all women's should be; and where's the whiteness that's to be compared to them?'

'Who is that homely, pleasant-faced woman sitting by her side?'

'Her aunt, Mrs Radcliffe,' he answered.

'What errand carries that stately creature to India, do you know, Mr Prance?'

'I do not, sir.'

'Not very likely,' I continued, 'that she's bound out in search of a husband?'

'No, no,' he muttered. 'The like of her have a big enough market at home to command. No need for her to cross the ocean to find a sweetheart. She's the daughter of a dead baronet, a tenth title, so the captain was saying; and her mother has a large estate to live on. Captain Keeling knows all about them. Her Ladyship was seized with paralysis when her husband was brought home with his neck broken, and has been a sheer hulk ever since, I believe, poor thing. We brought Mrs Radcliffe to England last voyage. Her husband's a big planter up country, and worth a lakh or two. I expect Miss Temple will be going out on a visit—nothing more. Her health may need a voyage. Those choice bits of mechanism often go wrong in their works. She wants a stroke of colour in her cheeks. 'Tis the scent of the milkmaid that she lacks, sir.'

He gave me a pleasant nod, quietly rose, and went on deck by way of the cuddy front, to relieve the second officer, who was watching the ship for him whilst he breakfasted.

At such a first meal as this, so to speak, when, barring one, we had all come together for the first time, there was no want of British reserve and shyness. We chiefly contented ourselves with staring. Colonel Bannister alone talked freely; he was loud on the subject of army grievances, and was rendered indeed intolerably fluent and noisy by the respectful attention he received from a gentleman who sat over against him, one Mr Hodder, a tall, thin, nervous yellow-faced man, with a paralytic catching up of his breath in his speech, who was going to India to fill some post of responsibility in a college. Mrs Bannister with her hawkbill nose, gray hair, and full figure, sat bolt upright, eating with avidity, and sweeping the faces round about her with a small severe eye.

I watched little Mrs Radcliffe with attention. It was not hard to guess that she was an amiable fidgety anxious body, of elastic properties of mind, easily but only temporarily to be repressed. She talked in a quick way to her niece, darting what she had to say into the girl's ear, with an abrupt withdrawal of her head, and an earnest look at Miss Temple's face. The other would sometimes faintly smile, but for the most part her air was one of haughty abstraction. Indeed, it was easy to see that so far as her opinion of her fellow-passengers went it was not quite flattering to the bulk of us.

Very soon after breakfast the poop was filled, and I marked the Jacks forward staring aft at the sight of us all. It was not hot enough for an awning, and there was still too much edge in the breeze, warmly as the sun looked down, to suffer the ladies to sit for any length of time. The picture was a cheerful one, full of movement and life and colour. The white-headed skipper, skittered up in his bebuttoned and belaced frock-coat, patrolled the weather side of the deck with Mrs Radcliffe on his arm. Mr Emmett paced the planks with Mrs Jolliffe and her daughters, and I could hear him bidding them admire the contrast between the violet shadowing in the hollows of the sails and the delicate sheen of the edges against the blue, as though at those extremities they dissolved into pure lustre. Little Mr Saunders trotted alongside the orbicular form of Mynheer Hemskirk, who showed as a giant as he looked down into the earnest upstaring face of the big-headed little chap. Three Civil Service youths lounged upon a hencecoop, looking askant at the young ladies, and laughing under their breaths at what one or another of them said. Near the foremost skylight stood Mr Johnson and Colonel Bannister. One did not need to listen attentively to understand that the Colonel was falling foul of the calling of journalism, and that Mr Johnson was endeavouring to defend it by repeating over and over again: 'Granted—I admit it—I'm not going to say no; but give me leave to ask: where on earth would your profession be, sir, if its actions were not chronicled?' These remarks he continued to reiterate till the Colonel was in a

white-heat, and I had to walk away to conceal my laughter.

As I passed the companion hatchway, which you will please to understand is the hooded entrance to the cuddy by way of the poop, Miss Temple came up out of it, closely followed by Mr Colledge. There was something like a smile on her pale face, and he was talking with animation. She wore a black hat, wide at the brim, with a large black feather encircling it, and a sort of jacket with some rich trimming of dark fur upon it. I was close enough to overhear them as they emerged.

'I quite remember my dear father speaking of Lord Sandown,' she said, coming to a stand at the head of the companion steps, and sending a sparkling sweeping look along the decks.—'Is not Lady Augustus FitzJames an aunt of yours, Mr Colledge?'

'Oh yes. I hope you don't know her,' he answered. 'She writes books, you know, and fancies herself a wit; and her conversation is as parching as the seedcake she used to give me when I was a boy.'

'I have met her,' said Miss Temple. 'I rather liked her. Perhaps she neglects to be clever in the company of her own sex.'

'Ever been to India before?' he asked.

'No,' she answered in a voice whose note of affability somehow by no means softened her haughty regard of the passengers as they walked past. 'I am entirely obliging my aunt by undertaking the trip. My uncle is very old, and too infirm to make the passage to England, and he was extremely anxious for my mother and me to spend some months with him. Of course it was a ridiculous invitation as far as poor mamma is concerned. You know she is a hopeless cripple, Mr Colledge.'

'Oh, indeed. I didn't know. I am very sorry, I'm sure,' said he.

'I shall not remain long,' she continued; 'most probably I shall return in this ship.'

'By George, though, I hope you will!' he exclaimed. 'I'm booked to come home in her too. There'll be more shooting in three months than I shall want, you know. I mean to pot a few tigers, and try my hand on a wild elephant or two. By Jove, Miss Temple, if you'll allow me, you shall have the skin of the first tiger I shoot!'

'Oh, you are too good, Mr Colledge,' said she, with a smile trembling on her parted lips, lifting her hand as she spoke to smooth a streak of hair off her forehead with fingers that sparkled with rings; but her eyes were brighter than any of her gems; they turned at that instant full upon me as I stood looking at her a little way past the mizzen-mast, and there seemed something of positive insolence in the brief stare she fixed upon me; the faint smile vanished to the curl of her upper lip as she turned her head.

That, my fine madam, thought I, may be your manner of regarding everything which is not to be found in the Peerage.

Colledge, who had followed her glance, saw me.

'Oh, Dugdale,' he cried, 'can you tell me anything about tigers' skins—how long it takes to doctor them into rugs and all that sort of thing, don't you know?'

'I can tell you nothing about tigers' skins,' said I curtly. 'I have never seen a tiger.'

'Know anything about lions' skins, then?' he sung out with a half-smile, as my temper fancied, meant for Miss Temple.

'The ass in the fable clothed himself in one, I believe,' said I, 'but his roar betrayed him.'

'Now I come to think of it,' said he, 'I believe there are no lions in India;' and he looked from me to the girl with a face of interrogation so full of good temper as to satisfy me that at heart he was a kindly-natured young fellow.

'I think I shall walk, Mr Colledge,' said Miss Temple.

They joined the folks promenading the weather-deck, and I went to the recess under the poop to smoke a pipe.

The Chinaman nurse, in a gown of blue, and wide blue trousers, and primrose-coloured face, and a gleaming tail like a dead black serpent lying down his back, leaned against a carronade, tossing the little baby he had charge of till the plump little sweet crowed again with delight. On the warm tarpaulin over the main-hatch sat the two ayahs, crooning over the infants they held, often lifting their eyes, like beads of unpolished indigo stuck into slips of mottled soap, to the poop, where the mothers of their youngsters were. There was a taste as of a hubble-bubble in the air, with the faint relish of bamboo chafing-gear and cocoa-nut ropes. The hubble-bubble, I daresay, was a fancy wrought by the spectacle of those black faces, and helped by a noise of parrots somewhere aft.

A length of sail was stretched along the waist, and upon it were seated several sailors, flourishing palms and needles as they stitched. They talked together in a low voice that the mate of the watch should not hear them. At one of the fellows who sat with his face towards me, I found myself looking as at a curiosity that slowly compels the attention, spite of any heedless mood you may be in. Many ugly mariners had I met in my time, but never the like of that man. His right eye had a lamentable cast; his back was so round that I imagined he had a hunch. He had enormously strong long arms, with immense fists at the ends of them, and the sleeves of his shirt being rolled to above his elbow, exposed a score of extraordinary devices in India ink writhing amongst the hair that lay in places like fur upon the flesh. The bridge of his nose had been crushed to his face, and a mere knob with two holes in it stood out about an inch above his hare-lip. Though manifestly an old sailor, salted down for ship's use by years of seafaring, his complexion was dingy and dough-like as the skin of a London baker, with nothing distinctive upon it saving a number of warts, and a huge mole over a ridge of scarlet eyebrow dashed with a few gray hairs. His hair, that was of a coarse brick-red, hung down upon his back, as though, forsooth, the ship's cook had made a wig for him out of the parings of carrots. Indeed, he was as much a monster as anything that was ever shut up in a cage and carried about as a show.

I was watching him with growing interest,

wondering to myself what sort of a life such a creature as that had led, what kind of ships he had sailed in chiefly, and how so grotesque an object had been suffered to 'sign-on' for an Indianaman, in which one might expect to find something of a man-of-war uniformity and smartness of crew, when Mr Sylvanus Johnson came out from the cuddy, rolling an unlighted cheroot betwixt his lips.

'See that chap sitting upon the sail yonder?' said I—'a good subject for a leading article, Mr Johnson.'

'Oh confound it, Mr Dugdale; no sneers, if you please. Let me light this cigar at your pipe.—That fellow is in Emmett's way, not mine.—Quite a triumph of hideousness, I protest.—But what's the matter with you, this lovely morning? You look a bit down in the mouth, Mr Dugdale. Not going to be sea-sick, I hope, now that all the rest of us have recovered?'

'Down in the mouth! Not I. But I'll tell you what, Mr Johnson—when you take charge of your newspaper, will you be so good as to inform the world that there is nothing under the broad sky more consummely insipid than the chattering of a young man and a young woman when they first meet.'

'Why, how now?' said he.

'Oh, my dear sir,' cried I, 'hear them. The unspeakable drivel of it—the *realtys* and *oh dears* and *yes quites*'—

'Yes,' said Mr Johnson, looking at the ash of his cigar after every puff; 'I think I know what you mean. But it is the effect of politeness, I believe. A young gentleman and a young lady who desire to please will begin very low with each other, lest they should prove disconcerting. But what d'ye say?'—he lowered his voice—'to the drivel, as you call it, of a man of advanced years?'—here he looked into the cuddy, then took a step forward to peer up at the poop—'of a person who has seen the world—of a Colonel, in short? I wish to be on good terms with my fellow-passengers; but if that man Bannister goes on as he has begun, I'm afraid—I'm afraid it will end in my having to pull his nose.'

He sent another nervous look into the cuddy and frowned upon his cigar end.

'Has he been offensive?' said I.

'Well, judge,' he exclaimed, 'when I tell you that he said there wasn't a respectable man connected with journalism; that the calling was distinctly a tipsy one; that his idea of a journalist was that of a man lying in bed till his only shirt came from the wash, and inventing lies to publish to the world when the washerwoman enabled him to clothe himself.—"And pray, sir," said I, sneering at him, "what would the country know of your military achievements if it were not for the journalists? You army gentlemen profess to despise him; but you will get up very early to buy his paper if you have a notion that there will be any mention of your doings in it."—That was pretty warm, I think.'

'Rather, said I; and what did he say?'

'Oh, he gave utterance to a few of his fire-eating imprecations.'

'Well,' said I, 'I hope the passengers may prove a companionable body, I am sure.'

'I see,' said he, 'that your friend Colledge has hooked himself on to Miss Temple. I should

say he needs to be the son of a nobleman to make headway with such a Cleopatra as her ladyship. Fine eyes, perhaps; but a little pale, eh? Give me Miss Hudson. I don't admire the sneering part of the sex.'

'Nor I,' said I.

'But every woman,' said he, 'has a way of her own of making love. Some simpler themselves into a man's affection, and some triumph by scorn and contempt.—Do you remember how the Duchess of Cleveland made love to Wycherley? She put her head out of the coach window and cried out to him: "Sir, you're a rascal, you're a villain!" and Pope tells us that Wycherley from that moment entertained hopes.'

All that day the weather held fine and clear; indeed, we might have been on the Madeira parallels; and I said to Mr Prance that it was enough to make one keep a bright lookout for the flying-fish. The sky was of a wonderful softness of blue, piebald in the main, with small snow-like puffs of cloud flying low, as though they were a fog that had broken up. A large black ship passed us in the afternoon. She was close hauled, and being to leeward, showed to perfection when she came abreast. Her sails seemed to be formed of cotton cloth, and mounted in three spires to little skysails, with a crowd of fleecy jibs curving at the bowsprit and jib-booms, and many staysails between the masts softly shadowed like a drawing in pencil. The lustre lifting off the sea was reverberated in a row of scuttles, and the flash of the glass was so like the yellow blaze of a gun that you started to the sight, and strained your ear an instant for the report.

She was too far off to hail. The captain, standing in the midst of a crowd of ladies, said that she was an American, and told the second officer, who had the watch, to make the *Countess Ida's* number.

'Oh, what a lovely string of flags!' exclaimed Miss Hudson, who stood near me, following with her languishing violet eyes the soaring of the many-coloured bunting as it rose to the block of the peak signal halliards like the tail of a kite. 'Is there anybody very important in that ship that we are honouring him with that pretty display?'

'No,' said I, laughing, as I let my gaze sink fair into the sweet depths of her wonderful peepers. 'By means of those flags the *Countess Ida* is telling yonder craft who she is, so that when she arrives home she may report us.'

'Oh, how heavenly! Only think of a ship being made to tell her name! Oh mamma,' she cried, making a step to catch hold of her mother's gown and to give it a tweak, as the old lady stood at the rail gazing at the American vessel from the ambush of a large bonnet shaped like a coal-scuttle; 'imagine, dear: Mr Dugdale says that the *Countess Ida* is telling that ship who she is. How clever men are—particularly sailors. I love sailors.'

Her melting eyes sought the deck, and the long lashes drooped in a tender shadow of beauty upon the faint golden tinge of her cheeks.

'La, now, to think of it!' cried Mrs Hudson. 'Well, those who go down into the sea, as the saying is, do certainly see some wonderful things.'

Here Mr Colledge, who did not know, I suppose, that I was conversing with these ladies, came up to me and said: 'By the way, Dugdale, what was that joke of yours about the lion's skin this morning? Miss Temple says it was meant for a joke; but hang me if I can see any point in it.'

'What did I say?' I asked.

He repeated the remark.

'Oh yes; the young lady is right,' said I, sending a look at her as she stood near the wheel by her aunt's side—the pair of them well away from the rest of us—gazing through a pair of delicate little opera-glasses at the Yankee; 'it was a joke.—What a capital memory you have! But as to point, it had none, and the joke, my dear fellow, lies in *that*.'

'Well,' said he, 'it makes a man feel like an ass to miss a good thing when a lady is standing by who can see it clearly enough to laugh at it afterwards.'

'Yes,' I exclaimed; 'very true indeed.—What a fine picture that ship makes, eh? There goes her answering pennant! Let them say what they will of Jonathan, he has a trick high above the art of John Bull in shipbuilding.'

I watched his handsome face as he peered at her. He turned to me and said: 'D'ye know, there's a doocid lot of humour in the idea of the point of a joke lying in its having no point;' and with that he went over to Miss Temple, whose haughty face softened into a smile at his approach; and there for some time the three of them stood, he ogling the American (that was slowly slipping into toylike dimensions upon our quarter) through the girl's binocular; whilst she talked with him, as I could tell by the movement of her lips, Mrs Radcliffe meanwhile looking on with fidgety motions of her head and frequent glances at her niece, the nervous interrogative slightly-troubled character of which was as suggestive to me as to how it stood between them, as if she had come to my side and whipped out that she was really afraid that Louise's character would make the charge of her a worry and a perplexity.

The moon rose late, but it was a fine clear starlit dusk when eight bells of the second dog-watch floated along the decks and echoed quietly down out of the wind-hushed spaces of the canvas. The sea swept black to its confines where the low wheeling stars were hovering like ships' lights in the immeasurable distance.

By-and-by a bell rang to summon the passengers below to such refreshments of wine and biscuits and strong waters as they chose to partake of. The promenaders in shadowy forms melted down the companion hatchway, and two or three of us only remained on deck. Mr Colledge was one of them. He came over to me, staring in my face, to make sure of me, and exclaimed: 'I wish they would allow a man to smoke up here. What is the evil in a pipe of tobacco or a cheroot, that you must go and sneak into a dark corner to light it?'

'How is it that you are not below with Miss Temple?' said I.

'Oh,' said he, laughing, 'I want to make her last me out the voyage, and that won't be done, you know, if we see too much of each other.'

'You are to be congratulated,' said I, 'on the compliment she pays you:

Favours to none, to none she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, and oftener still offends.

That's not exactly how the poet puts it, but it is apter than the original.'

'Oh well, you know, Dugdale, she has met some of my people. I don't dislike her for holding off. It shows that her blood and instincts are English; though, faith, when I first saw her I took her to be a Spaniard.—Between you and me, though, the golden-headed girl's the belle of the ship. What's her name?—Ah! Miss Hudson. Look at her as she sits in the light down there! Why, now, if I had your poetical turn, how would I spout whole yards about her fingers like snowflakes, and her lips like— But see here! there's nothing new in the shape of imagery to apply to a pretty woman.—Oh yes! Miss Hudson's the ship's beauty. But Miss Temple is ripping company, and, my stars! what eyes!'

'Take care,' said I, laughing, 'that you don't do what many other men have done—wed the wrong one. Choose correctly at the start.'

He burst into a laugh.

'I am already engaged to be married,' said he. 'What single man of judgment would dare adventure a voyage to Bombay without securing himself in that fashion against all risks?'

I stared into his grinning face, as we stood at the skylight, to discover if he was in earnest.

'Keep your secret, Colledge,' said I; 'I'll not peech.'

(To be continued.)

WITH ROD AND GUN IN THE HIMALAYAS.

THE HIMALAYAS—the 'Abode of Snow'—form a stupendous range of mountains that runs for fifteen hundred miles along the northern frontier of India. To the north of the range is the great arid plateau of Tibet. Between India and Tibet, therefore, the Himalayas act as a gigantic wall of separation, pierced everywhere by deep passes and gullies. But even the lowest of these passes and gullies are many thousands of feet above the level of the sea; while the higher peaks—one of which, Mount Everest, is the highest in the world—rise far above the line of perpetual snow. The northern side of the range is clothed with enormous glaciers; while its southern slopes send down great floods of melted snow, forming immense rivers in the numerous gorges. On these southern slopes also are extensive forests of oak, pine, spruce, and other trees of the temperate zone, including the great flowering rhododendron. The rivers contain fish of various kinds; and the rocks and woods are the haunts of many wild animals, such as the elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, deer; while on the higher levels are the bear, the wild goat and sheep, the musk-deer, and the Tibetan ox. A country so well stocked with wild game constantly attracts to it crowds of sportsmen, and many books on the subject have been written. One of the best recently published is *Hindu-Koh* (Blackwood

& Sons), by Major-General Donald Macintyre, V.C.

The author has chosen the title 'Hindu-Koh,' which signifies 'Hindu-Mountain,' not because he thinks it as pretty as 'Himalaya,' the 'Abode of Snow,' but because he regards it as more apposite. He does not apologise for returning to a subject which has engaged the attention of many literary travellers and sportsmen before, nor is there any necessity that he should do so. General Macintyre has a free and flowing pen, and tells his story in good colloquial English, without pretence or pedantry, yet with a good eye for descriptive effects; and that is saying a good deal for his book. It is now, he remarks, generally accepted as a well-established fact, that the great northern bulwarks of Hindustan, and their vicinity, contain hunting-grounds which may be classed among the best that we know. 'For grandeur of scenery the Himalayas stand unrivalled. Nature has indeed been more lavish of her charms here than in any other part of the universe.'

To avoid the heat and dust which are unavoidable in marching through the plains of India in the hot season, General Macintyre departed from the regular route, and chose in preference to travel for a part of the way through the outer Himalayan ranges. With this intent he made direct for Simla; and thence, after ten days' stiff marching, he reached the popular mountain resort Mussooree. The scenery and climate on this portion of the journey were a delightful change after the dreary monotony and thick watery atmosphere of the plains. 'Now our path would wind for miles through forests of noble deodar cedars, or of grand old oaks and rhododendrons, their gnarled and crooked branches all bedecked with lichens and orchids, or ragged with beards of gray moss; and the rhododendrons (which here are not merely shrubs, but large forest-trees), although past the season of their flowering prime, were still gorgeous with a wealth of crimson blossoms. Now it lay along some bright green valley, beside a clear brawling brook dancing in the sunshine over its pebbly bed, and flanked on either side by wooded heights or steep grassy slopes. Sometimes, where it traversed a rocky eminence or an open hillside, a superb panorama of the distant range of perpetual snow would be disclosed to view—the long irregular chain of grand frozen peaks and ridges rising sharply in the clear sky-line, and stretching away right and left, their pale summits gradually becoming more indistinct as they sank towards the far horizon. The mists of early morning often lay in level white banks along the bottom of the deep intervening valleys. As the rising sun grew more powerful, the vapour would slowly lift, and, taking the form of fantastic-shaped cumuli, envelop the snowy crests in its heavy white folds, leaving in the profound hollows a soft blue haze, which was fitfully darkened by the broad shadows of transitory clouds hovering above.'

In due time he reached the outpost of Shore, where was a green valley, about eight miles in circumference, over five thousand feet above the sea-level, surrounded by high hills, and giving glimpses of far-off snowy peaks. Black bears and other game were plentiful on the neighbour-

ing heights; hill-tigers and leopards were not uncommon; and on the low ground were feathered game and a few hares. The Himalayan bears come in for a large share of attention from sportsmen. 'In localities where oak-forests abound,' says the General, 'perhaps the pleasantest if not the best time for shooting these bears is in the month of December, when they are fed on acorns, which are then ripe. They generally commence feeding about sunset, when they climb up the oak-trees and gorge themselves with acorns all night, often not betaking themselves to their lairs—which are generally either caves or thickets near their feeding-ground—until some time after sunrise. Their whereabouts is easily discovered from the broken branches showing distinctly against the dark foliage of the trees, the back of the leaf of the Himalayan oak being white. At the commencement of the acorn season their attention is so much engaged with their feast that usually they are easily approached. But on suddenly finding themselves "treed," their astonishment is sometimes ludicrous to behold.' A bear, he adds, when up a tree, even if only slightly wounded, never attempts to clamber down. It invariably flops straight on to the ground from any height whatsoever. 'I once saw a bear I had shot at, roll over and over like a ball down an almost perpendicular declivity for several hundred feet, and seemingly without much inconvenience from its tumble, as it was nowhere to be found at the bottom.'

An odd peculiarity of bears is, that when two or more of them are found together, and one of them happens to get wounded, the wounded one will sometimes manifest its resentment by savagely attacking one of its companions. A good story in this connection is told of another sportsman. He had stalked a large she-bear feeding in some open ground, with a half-grown cub at its side. From the bear's position he could not get a shot at a vital place, and so, instead of waiting as he ought to have done, he fired and hit the animal behind. 'He might just as well have hit her with a lady's riding-whip.' The animal on being struck turned round to see what was the matter, and perceiving nothing but her own cub feeding quietly by her side, came to the conclusion apparently that the cub had bitten her. Consequently, she at once rushed at the cub to punish it for its presumption, and the two rolled over and over and disappeared in the jungle. The sportsman was too much amused at the incident to get another shot. Another remarkable peculiarity of bears noted by General Macintyre is, that when a bear attacks a man it almost invariably goes for the face; whereas a tiger or leopard usually seizes a limb first. Hence it is that in the Himalayas, native villagers are not unfrequently to be seen with their faces fearfully disfigured by bears' claws. This they are liable to when protecting their crops from destruction by the bears.

Many of the General's stories of the tracking and shooting of bears and tigers are told with graphic vividness, and are sure to excite and maintain the reader's attention. But the gun is not the only weapon of offence which our sportsman makes use of against the fauna of the Himalayas, for the less deadly angling-rod is

also brought into requisition. We have already said that great rivers flow down the deep ravines of the southern slopes of Hindu-Koh, and these rivers, like our own at home, form in their passage the same streams and eddies and pools which are familiar to the anglers in British waters. And there is one fish—the mahseer—in those Himalayan rivers which is worth the angling for, and which is nearly on a par with our own salmon so far as sport is concerned. It is known as 'the salmon of Indian rivers.' In appearance, judging from the woodcut of it, it is not nearly so graceful in form as the salmon—is more angular, so to speak, in its curves, and less beautifully moulded from snout to tail. It belongs to the carp family, as the large scales and round querulous-looking mouth denote, and, for its kind, is described as beautiful both in form and colour. 'On the back its hue is a dark olive-green, shaded off on the sides of a well-conditioned fish into a golden orange, which merges into pale pink and silvery white below. It has rather large, toothless jaws, lined with a very tough membrane, so that it requires to be struck pretty hard to be properly hooked. When I say *struck*, I mean that after the fish has hooked itself, as it will do by its own weight, a good pull, without a jerk, is necessary to drive home the barb into its leathern jaws.'

Owing to this toughness of the mouth, a mahseer when fixed is seldom lost unless the tackle gives way, or the fish should succeed, as it sometimes does, in breaking the line with its tail. The chief danger of losing it is when it is but newly hooked, and makes its first plunge, as it then has a way of lashing its tail over the line. Its general conduct when being 'run' is like that of the salmon, only it never leaps out of the water as the salmon does, but keeps on running and plunging. Like the salmon, however, it will sometimes take to the bottom of the pool and sulk, when stones require to be thrown to set it once more on the move. Patience and time are the great requisites to land the fish safely; but it is not easily gaffed, as its large, round scales are so hard that the point of the gaff is apt to glance off them. For average weight it beats the salmon hollow. General Macintyre says he is well within the mark when he states that the mahseer reaches nearly, if not quite, 100 pounds. 'The largest mahseer I ever heard of as having been taken with a trolling bait was 93 pounds; and with a fly, one that turned the scale at 62 pounds.' 'But such monsters as these,' he adds, 'are seldom taken with the rod.' As a table-fish the mahseer does not approach the salmon in flavour—its flesh resembling more that of the cod in appearance and taste. Yet its firm white flesh is by no means to be despised.

It might undoubtedly be supposed by the home-staying angler that these far-sequestered streams, where a line must be so seldom cast over the waters, would afford the most ample sport. But this is not so. The condition of the water, of the weather, and of atmospheric effects, has to be considered there as well as here, reading the home-angler the useful lesson that his difficulty of filling a basket is not always due to our rivers being too much fished. Those who read the General's experiences in the Himalayan streams will find that it is there as

well as here, possible, to return 'clean.' Sometimes sudden and abundant success was secured; at other times, after hours of hard work, when all sorts of bait—fly, minnow, and even the innocent worm—had been resorted to, it was without effect, not a single fin showing itself. We fear the 'subjectivity' of fish is as much a mystery in the lands of the Orient as it is with ourselves.

Perhaps the most exciting as it must be the most fatiguing sport on these mountain altitudes is the hunting of the gooral, or Himalayan chamois, as also various animals of the deer kind. One of the General's stories under this heading we will quote. He and his party were making their way up a very steep and rough piece of ground, which terminated abruptly at the foot of a nearly perpendicular craggy precipice at least fifteen hundred feet in height. But the guide said it was quite practicable, and the ascent was made, though only after hard climbing. 'On nearing the top, it was decidedly unpleasant to look back, and I was very glad when we reached it. "*Kustoora!*" suddenly ejaculated Kurbeer, just as we topped the ascent. A musk-deer had jumped up close to us, and was standing at gaze on the ridge. All breathless as I was, I fired, and felt sure the animal was hit, although it made off. We soon discovered it standing on a little ledge of rock below the brow of the ridge. I could easily have finished it with another shot; but if it fell from the ledge there was nothing to prevent its going to the bottom of the rocky steep below it, by a much quicker route than the one we had taken in coming up. As it looked very sick, Kurbeer volunteered to clamber down, and try to secure it. The danger of such a proceeding did not strike me until I nearly had cause to repent having allowed him to attempt it. Climbing cautiously below the ledge, he seized the little creature by one of its hind-legs. In its struggles to free itself, it toppled off the ledge, the lad still holding on to it with one hand, while with the other he gripped the ledge above him. At last, in order to save himself from falling, Kurbeer was obliged to let go, when the animal went whirling down among the crags. Had he lost his balance or footing in the struggle—I don't like recalling the feelings of those few anxious moments to my memory.'

Before closing General Macintyre's entertaining volume, we must allude to still another species of 'ground game'—if we may apply so homely a designation to the huge pythons or rock-snakes of the East Indies. It was during the cold weather, when snakes are partially or wholly torpid, that one adventure of his happened; had it been in the hot weather, when snakes are lively, the story might have had a different ending.

He and his party went one day to examine a hole or crevice under a rock where it was suspected a python lay hidden, and sure enough it was there, for they could see a bit of the tail-end protruding from the hole. They let it alone at first, thinking that, when the sun shone, it might come forth to bask in its warmth. In this, however, they were disappointed, for on the following day the snake was not to be seen; but, on closer examination, the tail was found sticking out as before. Various efforts were made to

dislodge it. A fire was lit in front, and the smoke fanned inwards, but this had no effect. The earth was even scraped away, and the hole widened, when they could see the coils of the monster as thick as a man's thigh; but except that their operations were occasionally interrupted by the startling presence of the creature's head, which it occasionally poked towards the entrance, darting out its little forked tongue, it gave small signs of animation. They had even determined to try to draw it. 'We all three, therefore, proceeded—somewhat nervously, I must own—to lay hold of its tail. To this familiarity it showed its objection by a decided inclination to wag its caudal extremity, which had such an electrical effect on our nerves that we dropped it like a hot potato, and—what shall I call it?—retired.' A shot would in all probability have induced the snake to quit its refuge; but then the shot must have torn and disfigured its beautiful skin, which the General wished to secure uninjured as a specimen. In the meantime, more efficient tools for digging had been sent for; and these now arrived, borne upon an elephant.

A bright idea now struck the party—they might draw the snake out with the elephant! Sufficient rope for the purpose was loosened from the elephant's pad; and this rope, about the thickness of a man's thumb, was hitched round the python's tail, its remaining length brought up again to the pad and fastened there, thus doubling its strength. 'Now came the tug of war! A sudden jerk might have torn the skin; the mahout was therefore warned to put on the strain gradually. Little did we know what a tough and an obstinate customer we had to deal with. Tighter and tighter grew the ropes, when "crack" went one of them. Still the strain was increased, when "crack"—the other had snapped also, leaving the snake *in statu quo*.'

The snake was finally dislodged by counter-mining, and killed by a charge of buckshot. When measured it was found to be twenty-one feet in length and about two feet in girth. We have not given the story at full length, but enough perhaps to induce lovers of wild sports to procure this delightful volume for themselves.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER IV.

FRANK HOLMES reflected a minute or two, and shook his head. For his own reasons, he doubted the probability. He knew the method which the police were pursuing—the traditional, and often successful, one of following up and arresting men answering to the description of any person or persons remembered to have been seen in the vicinity of the scene of the tragedy the evening it occurred. He was aware of this, and had little faith in it. It was not his idea, after thinking the matter out in the light of his experience and intelligence. The method of the police depended upon chance, after all; and when they succeeded in this way they were only entitled to the credit of perseverance. Putting the paper aside, he awaited the result of this

fresh 'clue' with curiosity rather than any stronger interest, and then indifferently opened Mr Clayton's note. This contained two genuine surprises for him, which sent the blood coursing quicker through his veins. It was hurriedly written, dated the preceding night from Cadogan Place, and was as follows:

DEAR FRANK—Have you seen Faune lately? Pray, let me know.—Mary asks me to say that she would be glad to see you some time to-morrow.—Yours sincerely, R. CLAYTON.

Holmes read the lines twice, reflected a minute or two, and glanced at his watch: it was nine o'clock. Mr Clayton usually left home for the City at half-past ten. There was no use in puzzling over the strange inquiry about Faune, and the still more unexpected request of Mary Clayton; so, like a man who had himself well disciplined, Frank Holmes seated himself at a table by the window and worked hard and uninterruptedly for the next two hours. Then he rose, and went direct to the City, to call on Mr Clayton. He was shown in at once to the banker's private room, where he found that gentleman busy with his letters.

'What do you think of the news this morning, Frank?' he eagerly asked.

'Not much,' was the answer; and Mr Clayton's face fell. Holmes explained to him his reasons for not attaching much importance to the supposed clue.

'Still, it may be the man!'

'It may; on almost the same reasoning, so might any man you met outside in the street. We shall see by to-morrow, doubtless.—But I came to answer personally your inquiry concerning Faune. I have not seen him lately.'

'He has never been near us since the evening you were there last, Frank,' said the banker gravely. 'It is so extraordinary, and I thought you might be able to explain it.'

'How, Mr Clayton?' demanded Holmes, colouring. 'He and I have long ceased to be friends. I had not met him for weeks before that evening.'

'He left early, and rather abruptly, on the occasion in question,' remarked Mr Clayton. 'He was not in the habit of going away at any time before ten. I have since fancied, Frank, that he followed you.'

'No,' said Holmes, thinking as he spoke; 'I do not think he followed me. Your memory is at fault a little, I think. It must have been nearly half an hour after I left you that he came away.'

'Then you met him?'

'He overtook me. I had loitered along the way, and it was a quarter past nine when I reached Albert Gate. There he overtook me, as I stood for a moment; he was going his way across the Park to Mount Street; my way was up by Hyde Park Corner.'

'My fancy was wrong, I see,' observed Mr Clayton after a pause. Then, with some embarrassment, he added: 'Would you mind telling me, Frank, what passed between you and him when you met?'

'It was only a few words, and I would rather not repeat them, Mr Clayton.'

'Still, I will press my request, Frank. I have been uneasy.'

Holmes looked at his old friend for a moment, and then, in a low steady voice and without a sign of emotion, related exactly what had passed.

The banker seemed deeply agitated, and walked from the table to the window and back several times. 'Well, well,' he said at length, resuming his chair with a sigh, 'what you have told me, Frank, gives me matter to think over. I suppose you wouldn't call at Faune's lodgings for me, and ask about him?'

'Yes; I will do so, this morning.'

'Thank you.—Are you going to see Mary?'

'As a matter of course, yes.—Do you know why she wishes to see me? Is it in connection with the same matter?'

'I haven't the least idea. I mentioned that I was sending you a line, and she asked me to say she would be glad to see you to-day, or something to that effect.'

'Well, good-morning, Mr Clayton. I will call at Faune's lodgings, and then go on to Cadogan Place.'

The air was charged with further surprises for Frank Holmes that day.

On ringing at Faune's lodgings in Mount Street, the landlady, who opened the door, received him with a start of surprise and pleasure. She knew him well; he had once been a frequent caller.

'I have been a good while without seeing you, Mrs Browning,' he said, with a good-natured smile; 'but I have been very busy one way and another, and— Are you quite well?'

'Thank you, sir, quite well, indeed,' she answered quickly; 'and if I'd only known your address, Mr Olmes, I'd have called to speak to you days ago!'

'About what, Mrs Browning?—Is Mr Faune at home?'

'At home! Why, it's about Mr Faune, sir. He hasn't been here since a week last Sunday!'

Holmes started, and after a moment, signed to the woman that he would come in. He followed her into her little ground-floor parlour and sat down. 'Since Sunday week!' he said quietly.—'Did Mr Faune say he was going anywhere?'

'Never a word, sir. After having his breakfast, he read his papers all the day—at least he stayed in his room—and in the evening he went out—as I supposed to dinner, as usual—and never came back since. And there's a heap of letters for him, and his clothes, and all his things, and I don't know in the world what to do. If Mr Faune don't come back, sir, I shall be at a heavy loss on account of my rooms being unlet.'

'Quite so, Mrs Browning.' Frank had no doubt that Faune was a good deal in arrears with his rent as well. 'He took nothing with him when he left?'

'Nothing at all, sir, that I know of, but what he wore. He took his keys with him, and left his boxes and portmanties and things all locked.'

'Of course Mr Faune was here the previous night?'

'Yes, sir; he came in a few minutes before ten—about five minutes.'

Holmes recalled that Saturday night. It was a quarter past nine when he met Faune at Albert Gate, which, allowing for one or two minutes' delay there, left him at least thirty-five minutes to walk across the corner of the Park between that point and Mount Street. It was not more than ten minutes' walk; but doubtless Faune, indulging in a smoke, sauntered easily; so that Mrs Browning was sufficiently accurate in her recollection of the hour at which her lodger came in.

'I met Mr Faune for a minute that night at Albert Gate on his way home,' he remarked—and he regretted, soon afterwards, having dropped the remark; 'it was then, I remember, fifteen minutes past nine by the chiming of a public clock. I have not seen or heard of him since. I came to ask about him this morning, because a friend of his, who has missed him, requested me to do so.'

'In—in case,' said the woman with trepidation, 'anything happened to him, I haven't moved a thing in his rooms. I keep them locked all day, only opening the windows.'

'Nothing has happened to him, I am quite sure.'

'And going to be married, too—to a beautiful wealthy young lady, as he told me!' said Mrs Browning, sighing deeply and clasping her hands.

'It is a little extraordinary,' said Holmes, rising; 'but no doubt he will soon turn up. He may have gone down the river with some friend in a yacht, and been carried farther than they meant to go. That often happens.' And promising to let her know if he heard anything concerning her lodger, Frank Holmes went away.

Much as the strange and sudden disappearance of Claude Faune puzzled him and filled his thoughts, walking slowly up the pavement of Mount Street he could not help thinking of Margaret Neale. He was treading the very stones upon which she had walked that fatal Saturday night to her death. As imagination worked more and more, his pace grew slower and slower. With his hands behind his back, and his head bent, he followed her light footsteps foot by foot to the top of the street—across Park Lane—through the small gate—along the path between the flower-beds and across the road to the steps, at the bottom of which she was killed. Some children were playing at the fountain below, but he did not see them, so wrapt was he in the mental process of picturing the scene. Whom had she come to meet? Was this the appointed place? Had she been kept waiting, and gone down the steps to be out of view in the hollow? No; she had not done this, unless it was prearranged, for by going down the steps she became invisible from the roads above. By which path had her assassin come?—from the right or the left or the front? True, she might have gone farther than this place, and returned; but this was hardly likely, for nobody coming that way—from the west side of the fountain—after dark would think of crossing through the hollow to shorten the distance round by a few yards. Then, as he

was moving away, Holmes stopped short with a start. An idea had flashed upon him, the consequence of which will be seen in due time.

It was not without some beating of the heart that he stood at the door of the house in Cadogan Place again. Whilst the footman took his card up—the card of Frank Holmes, who had been wont to ascend the stairs, without announcement, three steps at a time, swinging his hat and maybe whistling!—he resumed his ordinary calm. As soon as he entered the drawing-room, it was manifest to him, although she coloured, that Miss Clayton was controlling herself; but the nature of the feeling under control he could not conjecture.

‘Thank you for coming, Frank,’ she said very quietly, giving him her hand and inviting him by a sign to a chair close to her own. If he had come there with the faintest hope—which he had not—her reception would have killed it on the spot.

‘I saw your father this morning,’ he said, taking the plunge at once, ‘and he asked me if I knew anything about Claude Faune. I am sorry I do not. I have gone to his lodgings, and his landlady is equally in the dark.’

Mary Clayton slightly raised her brows, and asked when he had last been in his rooms.

‘Last Sunday week. He went out in the evening—the woman thought, to dinner—and has not come back since. It is odd; but, you know, a young man like Faune may have gone on the spur of the moment boating, or yachting off the coast, with any fellow who asked him.’

‘Perhaps that is it,’ she answered, with an indifference which surprised him, ‘although I do not think so.—However, it is not to speak about the mysterious disappearance of Mr Faune that I have asked you to call.’ She hesitated, and seemed to be gathering her strength before going on. Looking straight in his eyes, with the colour at first high in her face, she said: ‘Frank, knowing you as well as I have a right to do, I am sure you will not misconstrue me now. You came here that night to see my father, and went away without coming in to see me. Of course I know Mr Faune was here. I met you at another time in the street, and you decidedly looked annoyed at being recognised by me. I will say nothing concerning your ceasing for so long to call here—where you were always not a visitor, but a friend. Will you tell me why all this has been? You will not misconstrue me, I know.’

The calm bravery with which she said it, her clear gray eyes never flinching for a moment or her voice wavering, was truly admirable. Amazement was written in the man’s face. What answer to make he could not for a while imagine. ‘Mary,’ he said at last, doubtfully, ‘did you know why your father asked me here that evening?’

‘I did not know that he had asked you at all.’

‘You thought I came unasked?’ he said with a perceptible curl of the lip.

‘If you had,’ she answered, ‘it would not have been the first time.’

‘Ah, but then it was different.’

‘How was it different?’ the girl demanded,

flashing her eyes upon him. ‘I have no mother to guide me, Frank; but I have a right to an explanation. I always welcomed you here whenever you chose to come; you had no right to drop the privilege without telling me why. Has it never struck you that you offended me? Is a girl to accept that which a man has the right to resent? I have my proper pride, but it does not prompt me to bear this in silence.’

Frank Holmes stood up, pale. ‘Mary,’ he said, ‘I am afraid, grievously afraid, there has been a great mistake somewhere. I am not able to think it out, now. But I will tell you what your father wanted me for that evening.’

He related it to her in a few words, as delicately as he had the skill to do it. The colour passed gradually from the girl’s face, and she rose when he had done and put her hand familiarly on his arm for a moment.

‘I understand it now,’ she said. ‘There was, as you have said, a great mistake. How my father came to fancy it, I do not know; he was deceived by appearances and, perhaps, representations. But I have never been engaged to marry Mr Faune, more than I have been engaged to marry you!’

‘But—but—’

‘But it might have been? Nay, nay; you are wrong. Again, be careful not to misconstrue me. The false friend never made a good husband, and will never get the chance from any girl who has her senses.’

At this point Frank Holmes was in a painful dilemma. Could Mary Clayton be ignorant, now, that she was mistress of his heart? If not, she certainly betrayed not the least consciousness of her knowledge. She had warned him not to ‘misconstrue’ her, which was not encouraging; and she had spoken of the ‘false friend.’ In what did she regard him as false? In seeking to win the object of his friend’s affection? Ah; but then the ‘object’ had not resented the treachery in the spirit in which she referred to it now.

‘I am perplexed, Mary; I must think over things. I will not conceal that I have been very unhappy.’

‘You could not conceal it, Frank, if you tried. It is written in your eyes, in your face; but it has done you good—it has made you work.’

‘I haven’t worked for the love of the thing.’

‘No matter for the motive; the results are the same.—Now, there is the luncheon bell; will you join me as in the old days?’

How could he resist her? When it was over, he was about to leave; but she detained him, saying: ‘When will you come again?’

He held her hand for a second or two, examining her eyes and face with a hungry look. It was a very sweet face, with bright clear eyes looking into his own; and they made him unsatisfied and unhappy, for he saw no sign of what he hungered for. A short while back this craving was not upon him, and he loved her as ardently as now. Afraid to commit himself to an answer, he pressed her hand and went away.

As he emerged into the crowded Knightsbridge road from the quiet squares, his ear, familiar with street cries, caught the echo of one that

petrified him. The early evening newspapers were out, and the newsboys were screaming: 'Hyde Park Murder—Arrest of the Honourable Claude Faune!'

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

EGYPTOLOGISTS in London had lately the opportunity of witnessing the unrolling of a mummy from Upper Egypt. This interesting and rare operation took place in one of the Science Theatres of University College, and was conducted by Mr E. Wallis Bridge, who delivered a discourse upon the subject. He pointed out that the practice of mummifying the dead began as long ago as five thousand B.C., although the specimens before them was probably not older than one thousand B.C. He told his hearers how much had been learned from this systematic unrolling of the mummies of Egypt, and how the fineness of the linen, as well as the medical knowledge exhibited in dealing with the body, pointed to high culture and intelligence on the part of the ancient race which practised this method of disposal of their dead.

A few weeks ago the famous Eiffel Tower at Paris was struck by lightning, and as exaggerated rumours have spread with regard to both danger and damage, the authorities have drawn up a Report stating what actually took place. It should be first noticed that although the Tower is of metal, and must thus to a great extent act as its own protector, it is furnished with a central lightning-rod, as well as eight others which project from the balustrade of the third platform. The lightning discharge took place shortly before ten o'clock at night, and was accompanied by a deafening clap of thunder. Some molten drops were detached from the summit of the main lightning-conductor, and the other rods were seen to have brushes of light attached to them like those known as St Elmo's Fire. But the officials on the Tower at the time suffered not the slightest inconvenience, and the various delicate meteorological instruments were undamaged. The upper part of the Tower immediately after the lightning discharge appeared to be enveloped for a short time in a highly luminous electric cloud.

A new method of insulating electric wires has recently been adopted in Germany. Paper is first of all prepared by soaking in an ammoniacal solution of copper, a process which confers upon the paper durability and makes it impervious to water. (The well-known Willesden paper, which is used for damp walls and roofing purposes in this country, is prepared in a similar manner.) The pasty mass so prepared is now applied to the wires to be insulated by means of a special machine, after which treatment the coated wires are dried, and finally passed through a bath of boiling linseed oil. The importance of effective insulation of electric wires is every day becoming more evident. Recent fatal accidents through contact with electric-lighting wires indicate that currents which were believed to be harmless can kill. It would seem that skilled electricians have still much to learn with regard to the conditions

under which a current of given intensity is innocuous.

Specimens of the bark of *Quillaja Saponaria* were exhibited recently at the Linnean Society by Mr T. Christy. This bark, in the form of extract, has been in use for some time in cleansing wool, silk, &c.; but it will be probably found of greater commercial importance from the fact that it has the power of solidifying hydrocarbon oils, thus rendering them free from dangerous leakage during transport. These oils, including even benzoline, can be again rendered liquid and available for use by the addition of a small quantity of citric acid.

The inhabitants and manufacturers of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, have for a long time had the advantage of cheap fuel and light, both of which were obtained in abundance from the natural gas peculiar to the district. The supply has, however, from some unexplained cause, begun to fail, and many consumers have been obliged to return to coal.

The Water Committee of the Corporation of London have recently been in communication with one of the powerful companies who supply the Metropolis with water, with a view to urge upon them the desirability of supplying water for trade purposes at something less than the amount chargeable for domestic consumption, which, being calculated on the rateable value of the premises supplied, often assumes the character of an exorbitant claim. Mr Archibald Dobbs, who has already earned the gratitude of householders by winning from the company other valuable concessions, points out in reference to the failure of these recent negotiations that it has been already decided by law, and affirmed by the House of Lords, that owners and occupiers of dwelling-houses can compel the company, so long as they take water for domestic purposes at the specified rates, to supply them for trade purposes by meter at a stated charge per thousand gallons. The consumers can claim this from the water companies by right, and not by favour, as these monopolists would lead their customers to suppose. All persons, therefore, who have need to use water for trade purposes as well as for domestic use would do well to make themselves acquainted with the Acts of Parliament by which the water companies are controlled.

The establishment of a daily illustrated paper, the *Daily Graphic*, marks a new era in the history of newspaper enterprise, and one which a few years ago would have been a simple impossibility. The methods by which both books and newspapers are illustrated have undergone a radical change even within the past dozen years. A little more than a decade back the artist had to draw his picture direct on the wood, which was afterwards engraved by another hand. The system is quite different now. The artist executes a line-drawing on white cardboard; this is photographed, and the resulting negative is placed above sensitised zinc; this zinc is subsequently etched by acid, and after mounting on a block of wood, is ready for the printing-press. It is actually possible to produce such a printing-block two hours after the drawing leaves the artist's hands. There are two other advantages in the system besides this one of quickness; the original remains intact, and represents a real

value proportionate to the status of the artist; and every dot and line is reproduced in fac-simile.

Signor Schiaparelli, whose name is so much associated with the study of meteors, has after an investigation extending over ten years ascertained that the planet Mercury revolves on its axis once for every revolution which it makes round the sun. It would therefore compare with the moon in its movement round this earth, which turns one face always towards us owing to the same phenomenon.

A correspondent of the *Times of India* deploras the gradual deterioration of the native shikari, or hunter, about whom we read so much in all books dealing with sporting adventures in our great Eastern dependency. This writer compares the present shikari with the primitive hunter of a past generation, who with bow and arrow and admirable courage and ingenuity would track down and slay the most dreaded wild beasts. It is all different now. The shikari of to-day arms himself with an inferior Birmingham gun and blazes away at everything he sees; so much so, that in many districts which were formerly famous for the sport which they afforded, there is now hardly a game-bird to be seen. The inferiority of the weapons used often leads to serious accidents, and there is hardly a district in Bengal where one or more natives cannot be found who have been mutilated by the bursting of a gun. The brave shikari of old, who came of long generations of those who spent their lives in warfare with wild beasts, is past and gone. Cheap firearms have improved him out of existence.

Attention has again been called to the dangerous and slippery state of the London streets during wet and frosty weather, by a deputation which recently waited upon the authorities in order to move that some radical change be made in the cleansing arrangements. There is no doubt that in certain states of the weather asphalt paving is very treacherous; and it is no uncommon thing to see in one thoroughfare two or three animals down at the same moment. This would be avoided if the asphalt were kept clean by constant flushings, or sprinkled with sand in frosty weather. Wood-pavement is sometimes quite as slippery as asphalt, and has the further serious disadvantage that it is so absorbent that in hot weather it often gives off a most offensive odour. All things considered, it would seem that a really effective surfacing for our hard-worked roads still remains to be invented.

A paper was recently read before the Washington Chemical Society, by Mr Romya Hitchcock, upon the preparation of the beautiful Japanese lacquer which has of late years become so well known to Europeans. The lacquer is obtained much after the manner of collecting india-rubber—namely, by piercing periodically the bark of a tree (*Rhus Vernicifera*). The juice exudes from the horizontal cuts made, and after being collected in a kind of spoon, is transferred to a wooden receptacle. Here, owing to contact with the air, it is gradually transformed from its original grayish-white appearance to black. The compound is next strained to free it from mechanical impurities, and is then subjected to heat in order that the water contained in it may

be driven off. Lacquer gives a far harder and more lasting surface than any kind of varnish, while it is not brittle, and preserves its exquisite polish for centuries.

A new use has been found for it recently as an effective coating for ships' bottoms. It is said to stop galvanic action entirely, and to have a wonderful preservative power both on steel and copper plates.

Among interesting novelties at the Maritime Exhibition at Boston is a machine for distilling sea-water and turning it into fresh and sparkling drinking-water. The machine is called the Cold Blast Water Still, and it is quite simple in design, and does its work thoroughly. The water is vaporised in a suitable vessel by means of a steam-coil, and as the steam rises it is mingled with fresh air, which aerates it and gives that sparkle which is so characteristic of fresh spring-water. But the water distilled by this machine is far purer than that of any natural spring, for it contains no mineral matter whatever. The taste of ordinary distilled water is, if not nauseous, extremely insipid, owing to absence of air, and we have already noticed how this fault is rectified in the new process. The sizes of these machines vary, the largest being capable of dealing with sixty gallons of water per hour.

One novel feature of the Boston Exhibition is a real canal nearly six hundred feet long, and of sufficient depth to accommodate launches of average size. Among these are several driven by electricity, and one which owes its motive-power to naphtha. This last form of launch is sure to become popular, for the necessary machinery takes up very little room in comparison with that of a steam-launch, and it requires no skilled engineer. You simply light a lamp, which represents the furnace, and in a minute the vessel can be propelled by the touch of a lever. The launch shown at the Exhibition is twenty-five feet long, and has an engine of four horse-power.

The inhalation of hot air as a remedy for phthisis having been advocated by a German doctor, has been recently tried and reported upon by another doctor in practice at St Petersburg. The cases selected were purposely those in which the upper part of the lungs or adjacent tissues were affected, it being thought that however hot the air, it must get cooled before reaching the more remote structures. The treatment, although tried with every precaution, and over a period of many weeks, was found to have no remedial effect whatever.

When the incandescent system of electric lighting first came forward, the lasting property of the carbon filament enclosed within the now familiar glass bulb was most uncertain, one bulb perhaps remaining good for several weeks, whilst another would without any apparent cause give way in a few hours. The manufacture has now been steadily improved, and most of the lamps may be relied upon to serve for a long time. One at Taunton has just ceased to glow after a life of nearly eleven thousand hours.

A Spanish paper illustrates a remarkable 'rocking-stone' which has been found in the southern part of Buenos Ayres. This takes the form of an immense rock, which is so supported on a central point that it can be rocked to and

fro by one man, although its estimated weight is twenty-five tons. Its shape is that of an irregular cone, and it stands in such a way at the extreme edge of a hill that it looks as if a slight push would send it tumbling down the slope. It will be remembered that similar rocking boulders, some natural, others artificial, are to be found in certain counties both in England and Scotland.

A correspondent of the *Times* recently gave an interesting account of Mount Morgan Gold Mine, which is in Central Queensland, and can be truly described as a mountain of gold. The stone which is quarried from the mountain is a kind of black ironstone, with no outward appearance of the more precious metal; but this ore yields from five to six ounces of gold to the ton. The metal is so finely distributed that the ordinary mercury amalgam process could not be resorted to without great loss, and this is therefore superseded by the chlorination method. The process for separating the precious metal is briefly as follows: the ore is crushed and reduced to sand; it is next roasted, placed in barrels, and subjected to the action of chlorine gas, when a solution of chloride of gold, in colour like sherry, flows out from the mass. By after-treatment with charcoal and subsequent reduction in a reverberatory furnace, the gold is finally recovered in the metallic state. The metal from this mine is far purer than any yet found in nature, the baser metals associated with it amounting to less than one half per cent.

The fishermen at Deal and Dover lately caught in their sprat nets a description of small fish which was entirely strange to them; but instead of seeking to know what manner of fish they were, they promptly settled the question by throwing them overboard. These fish were anchovies, and their market value is seventy shillings per thousand. It is not the first time that the anchovy, which is generally regarded as a Mediterranean fish, has visited our coasts; and one observer records that he saw one hundred and fifty thousand captured on the Cornish coast in 1871. But it would seem that the visits of the valuable little fish are too few and far between to encourage any hope that a permanent trade in anchovies could be established here. Although most abundant in the Mediterranean, it is taken in large numbers on the Atlantic coasts of France, Spain, and Portugal, and also finds its way to the south-west coast of Norway.

Mr Charles Hancock, who has on former occasions proposed useful reforms in our postal service, now suggests the use of an international postage stamp, which should be available for postage in any country included in the Postal Union. This innovation would allow for the transmission of small sums, and would also permit a writer to pay for the reply to his letter, which would often represent a great convenience.

The long-talked-of scheme of a Central London Railway has again been revived, and there seems at last some chance that the scheme will take practical shape. The last idea is to drive a double iron-lined tunnel far below the foundations of the houses, and at a sufficient depth to avoid sewers and pipes of every kind. The tunnels would, in fact, be driven through the London

clay under the protection of a steel shield. As the clay is excavated, it will be carried to the original openings in the ground, so that no intermediate shafts will be necessary. The tunnels would each be eleven feet in diameter, one representing the up line and the other the down line. The motive-power for driving the trains would be electricity, a system which will shortly be on its trial on another tunnelled railway which passes under the Thames, and which will soon be ready for opening to public traffic.

TABLET TRAIN-SIGNALLING.

Of all the improvements which have recently been introduced on the railway, Tyer's Train Tablet System of Signalling, now rendered compulsory on all new single lines, is undoubtedly one of the best as far as the safety of the travelling public is concerned. It is wrought on the same principle as the Block System, with the important addition of the tablet—a round piece of metal like a quoit, which is given to the driver as a token that the line is clear, and without which he dare not proceed. The tablets are contained in an instrument—two of which are usually in each cabin—controlled by electricity, and are released by an elaborate code of signals.

Suppose we have a train at A, wishing to proceed to B. The driver must first be provided with his tablet; but in the meantime the instruments are securely locked; and no tablet can by any possibility be got out by the signalman at A, till he gets permission from the signalman at B, which permission is an acknowledgment from that station that the section is clear. We shall see how this permission is given. A sends the usual preparatory train-signal. This is acknowledged by B, who then receives a prescribed number of beats on his bell from A as an indication that the latter wishes a tablet released. By the interchange of an understood code of signalling, B then unlocks A's cylinder, and allows him to get out a tablet, which he hands to the driver. The latter, having seen the outdoor semaphore signals lowered, and got his 'All right' signal from the guard, proceeds on his way to B, the next tablet station—generally every second station—where the tablet he received at A, which is marked 'A and B,' is delivered up to the signalman in exchange for another marked 'B and D,' and so on. The signalman at B now places the tablet received from the driver, after noting its number in a book, into the tablet cylinder or box, and exchanges certain bell-signals with the signalman at A, by means of which the instruments are again securely locked.

Suppose, again, that a train has left A carrying, of course, a tablet, and another train is waiting at B to get on to A; the signalman at B cannot by any possibility get a tablet from his instrument until the driver who has already left A arrives with his tablet, to be placed in the instrument to relieve it in such a way as another tablet can be got from it. Furthermore, should a train be sent from B to A, and break down or

be delayed by the way, no train can follow on the same section till the driver of the first train has arrived with his tablet, which must itself clear the line of the train which carried it.

Thus all along its journey the train is carefully guarded by electric signals, from cabins in the rear, and likewise in advance, and by no possibility can two trains be on the same section at once, since, as we have seen, no driver can proceed without his tablet, which tablet cannot be released without the permission and co-operation of the signalmen at each end of the section. In the case of express trains, the tablet when taken from the instrument is placed on a ring, which while the train is passing is slipped from the outstretched arm of the signalman to that of the driver, the latter delivering up his ring and tablet to the signalman at the same time. The train is, of course, slowed a little till the exchange is made; still, the momentum often causes the ring to run up the arms of the men and give them severe blows on the back of the neck with the heavy tablets. Altogether, that form of tablet exchanging is open to serious objections.

On the new coast-line of the Great North of Scotland Railway, however, it is a grievance which no longer exists, thanks to Mr Manson, the Great North of Scotland Railway Company's gifted Locomotive Superintendent, who has invented an apparatus for exchanging tablets which, briefly described, consists of a special casting formed like a tuning-fork, the prongs of the fork being slotted to hold two brass tongue-pieces or levers, which at one end work on a pin or stud, the other ends being kept in contact with each other by a plate spring. One of these special castings is fixed to a sliding arm on the engine, and another is carried in a similar manner on a cast-iron column at each tablet station. The tablet is placed in a small india-rubber case; and when an exchange is to be made, this case, with the tablet in it, is hung on an arm attached to the rear end of the special casting in such a position that the tablet is central with the tongue, between the prongs of which it is forced by the speed of the train.

Mr Manson's valuable invention has been in use on the Great North of Scotland Railway for about five months, and has proved a great boon to both signalmen and drivers. By means of it tablets can already be exchanged while the train is running at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour; and with further improvements, suggested by time and experience, it will doubtless be possible by-and-by to make the exchange while running at a mile a minute.

Should the signalman in charge of the tablet instrument make any mistake in its working, it gets locked, so that no tablet can be got from it. In this case—that is, when communication is entirely destroyed—the working of the line is arranged for by means of a Red-cap Pilotman, who on receiving two of three printed forms from the station-master or other responsible official—the other form is delivered to the signalman—walks along the railway to the other end of the section; and if the section is clear, delivers one of the forms to the signalman, and retaining the other for himself, allows trains to proceed on the section under his control in accordance with certain rules not of general interest. This is con-

tinued till the apparatus is restored to working order.

Signalmen are not to show 'line-clear' signals to allow any train to pass on to a section worked by a red-cap pilotman.

A VALENTINE.

By the moss-grown wicket gate,
Which she swings with timid hands,
And but half-inclined to wait,
A pretty maiden stands;
For who first shall cross her way,
When the early sunbeams shine
On this February day,
She may choose as Valentine.

So she lingers in the mist,
While swift blushes come and go,
Till the sun's warm lips have kissed
Into living gold the snow.
Is it one of Cupid's laws,
Or some sweet decree of Fate,
That a manly step should pause
Every morning by that gate?

No! his duties in the town
Call the lad who loves her well,
Through the pastures bare and brown,
From his homestead on the fell.
You may shake wise heads and smile—
Yet the narrow path leads straight
From the fields beyond the stile
To the moss-grown wicket gate.

Hush! She hears his rapid strides;
But the holly boughs droop nigh,
And to-day she shyly hides
Till the feet pause and—pass by.
Ah! the thrush that nests above
Sees how soft blue eyes can shine,
When a maiden's own true love
Is her chosen Valentine.

Well, a lover need not know
That a pretty maid would wait
In the February snow
By a moss-grown wicket gate.
And the secret of the bush
Where the scarlet berries shine
Will be safe between the thrush
And good St Valentine.

E. MATHESON.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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